

TOIKE'S RIDICULE SIMPLY TOO MUCH FOR BIRGENEAU TO HANDLE

READ IT FOR YOURSELF!

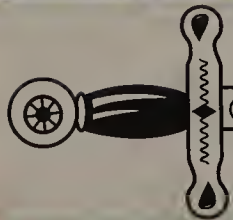
Find out the shocking truth behind his departure to UC Berkeley

DEAF MUTE TELLS ALL... YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY

MIND-FUCK YOUR WAY TO AN 'A'

U of T wouldn't exist without you. They owe you good grades. Learn how to take what's yours.

Find out how inside



The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1911

IT'S F!ROSH SEASON



This paper is low in carbs. Living a carb controlled life doesn't have to be difficult.

The Toike Oike - a healthy way of reading

The Toike Oike

Volume XCVIII - Issue I - September 2004

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SPECIAL THANKS TO

Our new masthead - we have an awesome year ahead of us.

Kan Li - for your excellent cover art.

Anthony Apostoli - for our new website.

SAC - for additional news stands.

Everyone who sent in articles that we did not have room to print.

COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. Technology is awesome. The body copy is set in Georgia, and the headlines in Trebuchet. To the best of our knowledge, no animals were harmed in the making of this issue - at least no cute and fuzzy ones.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring that pain. Sucka.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
students' administrative council

EDITORIAL

By a show of hands, how many people read editorials?

Hey folks. In my editorials, it's my job as the Editor In Chief to hype up each issue and get everyone excited about the pages to come. However, Toike needs no such introduction because its reputation speaks for itself - everybody who's anybody knows that the Toike is one of the most entertaining reads on campus. Additionally, not that many people even stop to read this paper's editorial. You're probably not reading it right now. The phact that I can get away with a centense like this proves that neither are our staff.

Don't lie: I know the thought of skipping right to the action on page 3 appeals to you; I'll admit to doing just that when I first picked up a Toike. So if you're one of these people, then I suggest that you indulge your temptation, skip the remainder of this editorial that you're probably not reading, and jump right to page 3.

Now I've gone and confused you. "Why would he suggest such a thing", you ask? Because now that I've told you to stop, you're not only going to continue, but you're going to read every word for fear that there's quality humour in here that you're missing out on. See, you're a Toike reader and all Toike readers think

the same way: they never want to miss out on any morsel of humour that could potentially come up in conversation while attending an exciting newspaper themed cocktail party. (Do people really host newspaper themed cocktail parties? ...not without the Toike Oike they don't!). With that being said, I hope you enjoy not reading the rest of this editorial.

We're going to have a great year:

Most of you probably don't stop to admire the names of the people who are a key part of making this paper solid from month to month. Take a look at our masthead when you get the chance - it is filled with the names of talented individuals who I'm proud to work with week after week. With a great season ahead of us, we plan to publish a paper that will keep you talking at the water coolers. It'll be so good, you'll be afraid to go out in public without having read the latest Toike, because you'll probably be ridiculed for being so out of the loop. You have been warned.

Welcome to U of T:

With that being said, I'd like to welcome all of you frosh to the University of

Toronto. This is the place where you'll spend the next four (and possibly five or more) years of your life. Even though it sounds like a lot of time, it goes by quickly. It might be intimidating to think that you'll be in a class full of strangers, but think of it this way: in the next few days you'll be meeting people who'll become your life long friends. Think of university as one big opportunity, and you'll have a great time.

"And ob what heights we'll hit, on with the show this is it!"

I'm glad that you decided to not read this editorial, and now that you've reached the end I hope that you are too. By the way, if you don't know where that quotation comes from, then you need to take a break from the books and settle down with some Loonie Toons. Remember folks, calculus can only take you so far in life.

Without further ado, here's the September issue of the Toike Oike.

- David Kobayashi
Editor in Chief



Letter to the Toike:

Hey man,

Why the hell does the toike not run in the summer... JESUS CRHIST! (sic)

It's like my life has ended for 4 months...

And now that i've graduated... let's talk about jobs... I'm willing to work for you next year for a \$50,000 a year salary... that's pretty cheap isn't it... considering that I have a BA in Film studies.

Lates Dude, Invisible

Response:

Hello Invisible. Unfortunately, we don't have the necessary staff to publish during the summer. We obviously need a person like you to manage our summer publications. We are currently offering payments of "pats on the back", chicken wings, "mad props", and gratuitous praise. If this sounds good to you, you've got the job.

Letter to the Toike:

Hey dudes,

I happened to be on the U of T campus yesterday, waiting for a friend to finish an exam, when I stumbled upon your publication. I had heard good things about it from several U of Ters, and I decided to give 'er a read.

It was, in a word, BRILLIANT. There was not a single page where neither myself nor my sister could stop ourselves from going into hysterics.

This single issue slayed anything our pseudo-funny Ryerson paper The Eyeopener has ever done.

I think it'd be a great story to have someone in Ryerson journalism declare the Toike Oike far superior to what supposedly the best journalism school in Canada puts out.

Good work, gentlemen...it's nice to see some fellow writers having great success...keep it up.

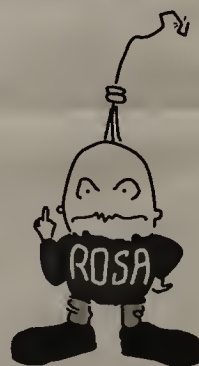
If you need any dirt on Ryerson (great Eggy piece, BTW), don't hesitate to ask...I make fun of that goddamn school every day, and I go there.

Hope to hear from ya soon.

Response:

Thanks buddy, it's always awesome to hear that people from other schools like our paper. I also feel the need to congratulate you on your good taste in reading.

If there's any more people like you at Ryerson, then maybe it's not so bad afterall...



Got a Question?

Why not ask ROSA, your personal Repository Of Smart-ass Advice!

ROSA has answers to all of your questions.

Ok, look: we didn't say ROSA had the right answers...

Cut us some slack.

Get Involved With The Toike Oike!

We need writers, digital graphic artists, layout designers sketch artists and more! If you can name 20 letters in the alphabet, we want you, regardless of program, discipline or year.

That is correct. We want you. You. Not the person beside you.

Come and be a part of the best newspaper in its class at UofT. E-mail us at toike@skule.ca.

Our next content meeting will be held on:

Thursday, September 16, 2004 @ 6:10pm in Engcom.

Questions?? email toike@skule.ca

NEWS BRIEFS

ANTI-ILLITERATES HATE GROUP FAILS TO GET MESSAGE ACROSS

ETOBICOKE - Members of the hate group Down With Illiterate People (DWIP) came away from their demonstration last week disappointed, blaming their failure to really offend illiterate people on their inability to read the signs they had made. Grand Marshall of DWIP, Tony Bell, was annoyed at the realization that after all of their efforts to make hate-speech signs and harass participants at an adult literacy center, the targets of their signs could not even read the signs they had made. Bell commented, "We had really great signs like 'Hey why can't you read you dumb-dumb' and 'Everyone knows how to read you idiot!' but those guys didn't even know what we were there for. Sheeeeooot."

A SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR TTC USERS

TORONTO - As a token of appreciation to Toronto transit users for their years of patience, the TTC has announced a once-in-a-lifetime event: on one glorious day in September, all TTC bus and subway routes will run on schedule. "Torontoians will put up with a lot of shit over the years so we figured that we owe 'em a day," remarked one TTC driver. "It's not that we like being late all the time, it's just easier for us that way. Union rules, ya know..." However, the exact date of the event has yet to be determined. "We may not even tell the public exactly when it is going to happen," stated a TTC representative. "Frankly, we are not even sure we will be able to pull it off. But at least it will give commuters something to look forward to every morning!"

MAN FINDS CONDOM IN CHOWDER

BRAMPTON - A Manitoba man received an unexpected surprise as he was eating a bowl of clam chowder at a local restaurant: a condom at the bottom of the bowl. "I knew right away that it was too big to be a piece of clam," recalled Peter O'Toole, the unfortunate diner. "Too chewy too."

It is speculated that the surprise ingredient was part of an aggressive marketing campaign by the condom's manufacturer. "Although we emphasize the remarkable versatility of our products, we would like to remind the public that latex has virtually no nutritional value and therefore should not be consumed," stated the company in a recent press release. The man was not charged for the soup.

LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH USED FOR SUPERMAN POSE

TORONTO - Just yesterday, a popular convenience store fell victim to a heinous robbery. The robber fled from the scene soon after, but was later apprehended by the authorities. When the police returned to the scene, they soon discovered John Silver lying limp and gasping for breath. When asked if he wanted to say any last words to his family, Silver simply said he was saving his energy, and began to put his hands on his hips and assume a "Superman-Man of Steel" position. The authorities could not understand what he was doing, until they removed the body leaving only a chalk outline. Silver's family still remains deeply offended, and the "Superman" chalk outline was washed away by the rain the following night.

Minimum Security, Maximum Style

Martha Stewart, well-known domestic goddess of bathroom towels, was recently sentenced to 5 months in jail and 5 months of house arrest. The sentence was handed down after a lengthy investigation period and a heavily followed trial during which reporters swarmed the courthouse like Saturday night hookers on a street corner.

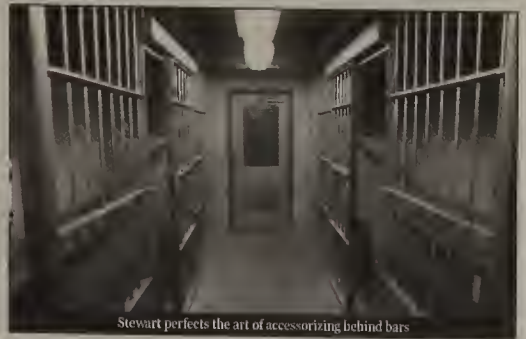
Judge Miriam Cedarbaum chose to give Stewart the lightest sentence possible because Stewart had "gone through a fucking shitload of shit and deserved a fucking break, yo." Incidentally, an unmarked van was seen delivering what seemed to be 5 crates of Martha Stewart's new line of bathroom towels and an elaborately wrapped gift basket filled with soaps and creams to Judge Cedarbaum's townhouse the day before the trial. Eyewitnesses claim that the velvet softness of the towels seemed to ooze out of the packaging like jelly out of an overfilled donut. Cedarbaum has denied all accusations of bribery and attributes her newfound radiant, apricot-scented skin as "nature's gift to a hardworking woman."

Stewart's attorneys have decided to appeal the sentence, but the domestic diva has already publicly stated her plans for the future. She has revealed her plans to start a new line of products

tailored to meet the needs of her soon-to-be cellmates.

"The incarcerated are rarely the target market of clothing and household products. It is time that we recognize that criminals, murderers and embezzlers alike, also need pretty clothes, exotically scented candles and tips on how to store candied fruit," said Stewart. When asked if she would be agreeable to wearing an orange jumpsuit while in jail, Stewart giggled and haughtily explained that "everyone in the know will tell you that orange is the new black." Interviews for the positions of Vice-President of Finance and Vice-President of Personal Relations have been scheduled to take place in the west wing of the Danbury Correctional Institution.

Several teams of interior designers have already been sent to assess Martha Stewart's cell, take preliminary measurements and pick out paint samples. A source close to Stewart has confirmed that she is leaning towards "Sandy Arabian Camel Hair" for the ceiling, "Creamy Alabaster Pouffe Brioche" for the walls (both from the Limited Edition Martha Stewart OmniPaint Collection) and a brushed chrome finish on the cell bars. City officials have yet to decide whether Stewart's request



Stewart perfects the art of accessorizing behind bars

for shag carpeting, which she has repeatedly stated as necessary for her psychological well-being, is reasonable.

Even though many networks have decided to pull the popular "Martha Stewart Living" television show from their lineups, Stewart has decided to continue to film new episodes, even while in jail. She has signed on for 20 episodes of "Martha Stewart Living... Behind Bars" which will feature segments tentatively named "Cell-ibrating the joys of orange zest" and "5 steps to beautifying your prison bitch." A director and an assistant producer for the show have already been hired. Both have been de-

scribed as "crazily excited" to work for the domestic queen and are presently enjoying lifetime stays at the Danbury Correctional Institution where Martha Stewart will be serving her sentence.

In an attempt to corner the market on prison-related merchandise, Stewart has already applied to have a new slogan copyrighted for her company's use. Martha Stewart OmniMedia will soon abandon their current slogan "It's a good thing" in favour of the hipper and edgier "It's a cell thing."

- Christopher Doan

Student Caught Passing Gas in Robarts Library: Beans to Blame

Sandy Mesersmidt thought she was being pretty discreet when she broke wind in row PN492 of the library stacks on Thursday afternoon. After experiencing that tell-tale rumble in her stomach (no doubt associated with the refried bean content of her lunch) Sandy scanned back and forth to ensure nobody was in hearing distance.



Mesersmidt ashamed (above)

Realizing she didn't have much time before the inevitable onslaught (but determined to make the most of it) Mesersmidt turned her back to a volume of literature about which she had earned a poor mark on a paper, loudly whispered, "Take that 'Old Man and the Sea'!" and proceeded to let loose. She was about to add accusingly, "No one understands your symbolism!" but by then, it was too late.

Unfortunately, just as Sandy rounded out her marathon fart, she peered through a shelf into the next aisle, catching sight of a disgusted student who was quick to bury his nose into the collar of his shirt. Sandy emerged from the library mentally defeated and

perhaps it goes without saying, physically deflated.

About the incident, Sandy remarked, "Maybe I'm an idiot for telling you my caught-farting-story and my real name considering all the embarrassment that will probably result from my disclosure. However, I think it's important that beans are finally exposed as the canned evil that they truly are."

In years past, whenever a newsworthy fatulence event of this nature arises, journalists are always quick to point the finger at beans, which has been plagued for years by its reputation as "The Magical Fruit." A spokeswoman for the delightful side dish made a statement to the press, saying "Ah yes, beans...beans, they are good for your heart, but an independent focus group has concluded on more than one occasion that eating more of them will not necessarily make you fart." However, Sandy, and the anonymous student that bore witness to her recent post-consumption ass-explosion would surely tell you otherwise.

-Annie Unnold

New Winter Olympic Event Announced for 2006

The Olympic Committee announced yesterday the addition of the newest Olympic Winter Event, "Olympic Quarters". Sports fans all over the world are already anxiously awaiting the game's premiere at the 2006 Winter Games. The game, having been popularized in international bars and pubs, combines beer and pocket change in what is sure to be a favorite in 2006. The Canadian representatives, Tom Rogers and Derek Flaherty, are both students at Ontario's York University, where they met and began playing Quarters casually three years ago.

Since the announcement that they will be competing, they've been nothing but focused on their goal: a gold medal for Canada. "It's been rigorous, sure," says Flaherty, taking a break from his six hour training session. "But we realized long ago that we've got talent. And in this sort of game, the only way to improve is to play against the best, and

that's why we're headed to Germany in 2006."

Rogers, absentmindedly shining his lucky quarter, discusses the competition. "We've heard rumours about some of the other competitors, and it was a little intimidating at first. The guys from Russia train with vodka, to keep their tolerance high, and we've heard that team Japan uses only sake. We decided that in order to even hold our own, we've got to be at least that tough, and hopefully stronger. So we're working towards playing a full game with 151. Wish us luck!"

Both Rogers and Flaherty have suspended their studies until after the 2006 games, when they hope to come back and decorate their pad with some of that shiny, shimmery gold.

-Anne Lange

Tired of sneezing your ass off?

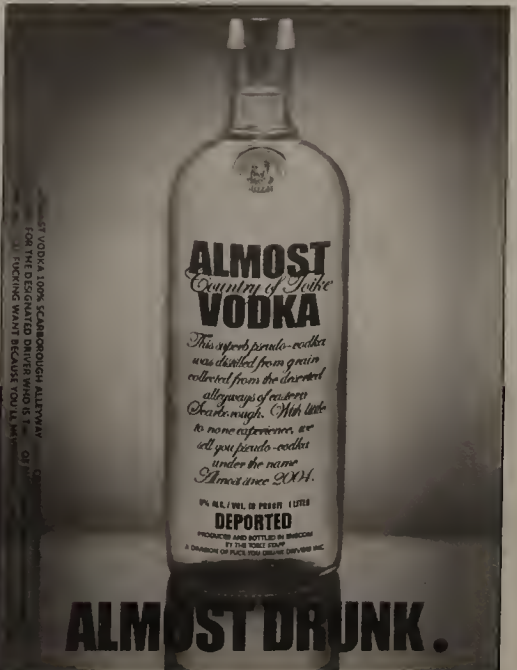
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NEWS BRIEFS

JEANS GET A NEW SIZING SYSTEM

MARKHAM - After extensive market testing and product analysis, researchers at Levi Strauss & Co. have proposed that the sizing system for jeans be changed. "The way we measure customers for pants is completely extinct," says head researcher Bonnie Flab. "We simply cannot continue to sell merchandise based on a flawed sizing system." Flab's team has submitted a 126-page proposal to overhaul the archaic waist-size system and implement the ass-size system. Recent studies have shown that people who buy Levi's jeans no longer wear them above the hips, but rather, halfway down the buttocks so as to maximize ass-cleavage. Thus, determining one's waist size is irrelevant in selecting a pair of well-fitting jeans. "After all, someone could have a slim waist and a fat ass," Flab points out. "Or they might have a fat waist and a small ass. That would suck."

TORONTO SUN GETTING BACK TO ITS ROOTS

TORONTO - In an unprecedented move to try and attract new readers, the Toronto Sun has unveiled a revolutionary plan to restructure their news. The decision for the change came about when Sun analysts realized that one of their seven readers had abandoned the tabloid in favour of the sleeker and sexier Globe and Mail. Lorrie Goldstein, a representative from the Sun, has promised that the new paper will be much more streamlined. "We plan to cut down to 1 page, double-sided. This will allow us to concentrate on our most popular features: the Sunshine Girl and our Comics section," says Goldstein. Of the remaining six Sun readers, two are blind and have filed a petition against the elimination of the Sunshine Boy page. Goldstein has not yet signed the petition.

BLOND WEIGHT WATCHER RIDES TRUNK OF JUNK

MISSISSAUGA - Suzy Carmichael, a long time weight watcher and life time blonde, spent this last weekend cleaning the trunk of her green Chevy Malibu. "I couldn't believe how much junk I had in my trunk. I guess it just accumulates over time." Apparently Carmichael was alerted to the disordered state of her trunk by two of her co-workers, whom she overheard commenting on her excessive "junk in the trunk." "At first I thought it was weird, since we were all inside at work and neither Dave or Carl had ever ridden in my car, let alone had a good look at my trunk," explained Carmichael, "but then I realized that there must be so much junk in my trunk that it was starting to show on me even when I'm not in my car. That's when I knew something had to be done about my junk in the trunk." An exercise mat, an old shovel and several empty fast food bags were among the items Carmichael found on her trunk-cleaning mission. Next weekend Carmichael intends to tighten her caboose, as soon as she finds the train Dave and Carl must have been taking about.

MAN PROVIDES DISCOUNT EYE SURGERY

YORK - Fred Chambers' laser eye clinic, reportedly run from his basement, advertises a great deal if you're looking for corrective surgery but can't afford it. Chambers says "I don't buy top notch equipment, nor do I waste money on sanitation - I pass these savings onto the customer!". Chambers is currently being sued for attempting to perform surgery with his laser mouse.

Ask ROSA

Your Repository of Smart-ass Advice

If you have a question about life, love or school, ROSA has an answer. If you are in need of advice, you have come to the wrong place. But we'll try and help you anyway we can.

Please send your questions to toike@skule.ca.



Dear ROSA,

I am an engineering Frosh, but not by choice. You see, both of my parents are engineers, and expect me to follow in their footsteps. I have always wanted to be a bartender, but they say there is no future for me in that. What should I do?

Dazed and Confused, 1st year EngSci

Yeah, being an engineer might get you a little more respect in the long run (and probably a bigger house too), but suds-slugging has at least one thing going for it: infinite job security. Think about it; eventually, we'll run out of bridges to build and planets to land on. But people will still want beer. Probably even more than they do now. Who's gonna serve it to them? WHO?!?!?

Hey ROSA,

Question for ya: Why do people dye themselves purple during frosh week?

Curious Joe, 1st year Chemical Engineering

What the hell?!? Isn't this an 'advice' column? Let's get this straight now, if you wanna ask some lame-ass Trivial Pursuit question, just go Google it or something. We have people to help.

This being the first Toike of the year, though, the mail-bag is pretty empty. So here's your answer: It's sunscreen. SPF 6000. You see, the only light that most wannabe-engineers have been exposed to in their short lives is from a computer monitor. So, their skin is extra-vulnerable to UV rays during frosh week activities. Don't believe us? Hey, better purple than dead.

Hi guys,

I go out with a group of friends pretty often: to the movies, restaurants, etc. But one of our friends always seems to have an excuse for not paying his share. It's not that he is a "deadbeat", he just doesn't have as much spare cash as the rest of us. We still like having this person around though. How do we handle this situation?

Concerned Friend, 3rd year CompSci

You may see a problem, but we see an opportunity. The next time Mr. Deadbeat comes over and asks for a slice of pizza, tell him to clean your toilet first. At this point, one of two things will happen: 1) Your toilet will soon be cleaner than it has ever been. 2) The mooching will stop. Sounds like a win-win situation to us!

Other fun chores: de-grease my oven; bake me a pie; break up with my homicidal boyfriend/girlfriend for me; rub my feet.

Toike Oike Friends Services Program

Hello there fledgling. A hearty welcome to the University of Toronto. Congratulations! You have escaped the womb. University is not only a time to blossom, it is a place to step out of your planter, walk around the field of life and meet new people. In this grand spirit of adventure, Frosh Week provides students with the opportunity to recklessly hurl their brain cells into the abyss of no return with a bunch of unruly strangers. If you are reading this periodical (however acclaimed it may be) instead of taking advantage of all the wondrous things Frosh Week has to offer, you have an incurable personality problem. Now, that's putting it lightly. You may want to sit down while this somhre, indisputable prognosis is passed upon you.

Malignant Congenital Loseriosis is something many people have had to live with. Due to its contagious nature, you will be avoided like a Carrs comeback concert opened by a Frank Sinatra singing sloth who also does Joe Pesci imitations...or worse. I know baby, cause I've been there. For those like us, the road to unmeaningful (and meaningless) relationships is one riddled with treachery and rejection. You might as well get off, retreat into your dark warm corner of the world and stop using cutlery.

Wait! Don't give up just yet! The Toike Oike is here to help. Thanks to our staff and supporters, a program has been developed for retched individuals like yourself. Our generous volunteers have scouted out prospective friends and dates for you. For a minor sum, you could rule the school. Peruse our selections and send your bids to toike@skute.ca.

As Abraham Lincoln might have said: "Remember, you can't put a price on friendship, but you *can* put a price on grade A beef."

- Martin Turk

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Hair Product Threatens to Eat Metrosexual's Head

Ever since the recent surge of "Metrosexuals" in the population, straight males have been flocking to every sort of lotion or exfoliant on the market in an effort to be as hip as their gay peers. Unfortunately, this trend in grooming has not occurred without some casualties. Just last week, self-described "hottie" Dan Tallone was preparing for a night at the club when he erroneously overdosed on hair gel. Says Tallone, "I didn't have time to shower, so I just let it sit there and figured it would be all set baby." Two hours later, the globbing mass of grease started to trickle down

his sideburns and was soon building up around his face and throat as if to suffocate him. Too embarrassed to stop grinding away with his self-described "hottie" girlfriend Monica, Tallone was soon being consumed by his own hair product. When medics arrived at the scene, (coincidentally, to cut another metrosexual out of the too-tight rayon shirt which was binding his breathing), they were also able to help Dan escape the clutches of the gel monster that nearly destroyed him.

-Annie Unnold



Name: Vespasian.
 Nickname: Uncooked and ready for action.
 Bidding min: 17 dollars.
 What I do for fun: Loiter in unexpected places such as reception desks and libraries to make people uncomfortable. Rot under mattresses. Write poetry.
 Good qualities: I'm tender and sweet. It takes a while to digest me but I always come through.



Name: Hunnpree.
 Nickname: Muchachos Grande.
 Bidding min: 32 dollars.
 What I do for fun: play solitaire, poker and hide and seek.
 Good qualities: I'm versatile, reliable and a great listener. A bit cocky at times but it's part of my charm.



Name: Theodoros McFungus.
 Nickname: The Snorter.
 Bidding min: McFungus pays any buyer 20 dollars.
 What I do for fun: I "snort" laugh at my own "snort" jokes and write the best ones on my wall with Vics Vapour Rub.
 Good qualities: If you stink I can't smell ya "snort" "snort".



Name: Bernice Smith.
 Nickname: Ol' Grumpy Bernie.
 Bidding min: 2 dollars (negotiable).
 What I do for fun: Watch Jeopardy and hunt possums in my yard to put in my special stew. Sometimes I takes baths in it.
 Good qualities: I make good stew. I think Alex Trebek would like my stew, and so would you.

You've Got to Fight, For Your Right, to Sartre-y

It's not everyday that one has an existential experience. But going to U of T, well that my little chickadees, that is a different story altogether. The old standby stream of consciousness style is truly the only way to write about an existential wandering, especially since the memories of such bouts of endless drifting will most likely conclude beneath the benevolent shade of a sycamore tree where one can remove the spiral bound notebook from one's leather satchel and scrawl a few notes about how it feels when life has no meaning and God has simply set you spinning in a world where you can either continue in oblivious bliss without knowing the truth about your plight, or fall as Adam did into the sharp and scratchy pit of knowledge where you must live out the rest of your days.

Having been to this pit on many occasions, I will tell you right now, and without a hint of irony, that there exists little in the way of a first aid kit at the bottom of this pit. There are few band-aids, and they are generic Shopper's Life Brand at best. If you are expecting there to be Polysporin antibacterial ointment, expect your hopes to be popped like a pin into the catheter of your soul. And by this point, you will be so injured by poignant metaphors that you will be out of bandages to mend yourself.

But I digress. A more than appropriate locale for such an experience is at

University College, leaving a philosophy class where you've just consumed three black, sugarless coffees straight from the wooden carafe in which it was brewed. The irony of living an equally sugarless existence is not lost on you. However, having made the choice to consume that much coffee, although it was a choice made entirely free from an oppressive omniscient God, the hastened pace you must take to the bathroom afterwards feels as if a guiding hand has helped you reach a free stall in time. I am scared of this freedom... so many choices.... but could some otherworldly figure have preordained me not pissing my pants? I think not... I am alone in my journey. Onward, to the field!

Oh, a delightful game of kicking a ball into a mesh-like structure. Surely the fates have smiled on me; surely I have been guided to this place for a morsel of amusement in this otherwise dark life. A ball to the head, and then another. A veritable deluge of black and white hexagonally designed balls to my head! Soccer is clearly not very existential. Time to be more inward and brooding.

Behold, the aforementioned tree. I shall perch myself beneath its leafy shade. There are many squirrels, but they are not human, so I will allow them to invade my isolated space. Ouch. Let go. It's in my pants. It has my leather satchel!

- Annie Unnold

Will You Ever Find Your Perfect Mate?

Look around. How many people are with you?

- Just the janitor. He follows me around mopping up my tears.
- Just my mom. She follows me around with a jacket.
20. They're all be my bitches. Yo.

So what's it like being alone?

- It hurts. A lot.
- It's the best! You get all this time to yourself and you can read and write...and cry... Just cry.
- I dunno what you're talking about. I got tons of friends. Just look at my MSN list.

What will you be wearing tomorrow?

- A gorgeous white satin gown with white lilies in my hair.
- Whatever my mom lays out for me.
- Nothing. Just like the day I was born.

Who is your best friend?

- The operator on the phone. She's so nice when she tells me that the number I dialed is not in service. Even if she is a bit repetitive.
- My mom.
- Well it WAS Suzy but then she told Britney that I was fat even though I was ten pounds less than her and yesterday she was all "oh, Brianna, you're so pretty, I'm so jealous!" And it turns out she's been spreading lies behind my back? Oh, I don't think so! So I told Tommy that Suzy was cheating on him with Luke when we ALL know that Lori likes Luke so she's all pissed. I bet she'll think twice about messing with me now!

Why do you think you're alone?

- I'm ugly.
- Everyone else is ugly.
- Because of Suzy. Ugly bitch.

How often do you cry?

- I never stop.
- Every hour on the hour. Every half hour on my period!
- I never cry. Crying is for babies and short people.

Do you hate yourself?

- Yes.
- Yes.
- Probably.

CHECK YOUR RESULTS:

Mostly A's: Skip directly to page 12 of this paper. It ain't looking any better from here.

Mostly B's: You won't be alone because your mom has it planned so that you two can be together! Lucky you!

Mostly C's: Everyone's so sick of your shit that if you're not alone now you will be. Soon. Very, very soon. Maybe tomorrow!

How To Stick It To The Man

A firosh guide to dealing with university Profs

Listen up sissies, it's time to drop your lollies and pull up your diapers! You're playing tag in the big boy park now. That's right, the fun and games end here. If it's not some ugly jerk playing football with your shoe then it's gonna be some fat punk spinning you around on the tire swing way too fast. Except now the park has become the Institution and that punk has become the Man—your prof! Unfortunately for you, the Man is still as cunning and sadistic as ever—he will constantly try to mess with you, but play your cards right and you can end up messing with the messier instead. Read on to find out how.

Now the advice I'm about to dish out won't work for just any old Pete or Jake. Although these strategies work well for me, I make no guarantees for anyone else. It all depends on you. When you walk, do you walk the walk? When you talk, can you talk the talk? If you answered "no" twice then buddy, you might as well be wrestling grizzlies with your genitals exposed and painted like salmon because you're just asking for it. So before you even think of trying to mess with the Man, make sure to follow the three empowering A's: Appearance, Attitude, and A sweet ride!

Let's say you're going to confront the Man about midterm marks. What are you gonna wear? A faculty t-shirt? A turtle-neck sweater? A tu-tu and glass slippers? Give me a break! Unless you're a fairy and you plan on enchanting the Man with fairy dust, leave your damn fairy clothes at home! In a situation like this you need to "dress for success." And that means you have to look like you just got out of prison, so I suggest you get yourself a couple of tattoos. Tattoos usually run for about a

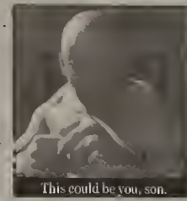
buck or two per sheet, but you'll have to keep re-tattooing yourself at least once a week. You'll have to re-tattoo even more often if you plan on showering—which is why I try not to shower until I get so grimy that things start sticking to me. You will still need to do some more conventional dressing. I found out the hard way that they passed a law that says tattoos can't legally substitute for shirts or pants anymore.

Some of you may be thinking that a pair of bright orange coveralls and some ankle shackles would be perfect gear, but you couldn't be more wrong. There are two main reasons for this. One—the coveralls would end up hiding most (if not all) of your awesome tattoos. That's the opposite of what you want. Two—in my experience, the Authorities tend to think you've actually escaped from jail. While getting beaten down is a great way to impress chicks, it leaves you feeling a bit sore.

So what do you wear? Well, there's a simple test to see if you've made good picks. When you check yourself out in the mirror, you should be scared of getting rocked by your reflection. That's the same mind fuck brew you'll be feeding to the Man.

Now I'll be the first to admit that acting like a dick will get you nowhere. And things won't be any different when facing the Man, so don't even think of trying to dick around. The Man can smell your dicking from miles away. He'll be onto you in no time flat. So what do you

do? Just tell everything straight up.



This could be you, son.

The truth will completely catch the Man off guard. For instance, I'll say something like: "Sir, I'm an honest, hard working student just trying to get by. I pay my tuition which pays your salary so why don't you go do your job instead of hassling me? Don't you have potions to invent or androids to

build?" Or sometimes I'll just tell him: "Sir, I know you've seen me cruising down the bike lane on my 18-speed before. And you're only human so I don't fault you for this, but shouldn't you just suck up your jealousy instead of trying to mess with me? Hassling me won't get you an 18-speed any quicker." That will leave him dumbfounded because the truth hurts. That kind of thing happens all the time though. I always get green-eyed looks from people wallowing in their Volkswagen crap boxes or Mercedes shit wagons just wishing they were the ones straddling the sexy little metallic red 18-speeder. I usually crank my back peddling up to 50 rpms just to give them a taste of what it's all about.

That's why having a sweet ride like mine is so important. Even after you've crushed the Man's ego, you can still add insult to injury by leaving him in a cloud of your 18-speed dust. He'll wish it were his rump on the gel seat, his hands gripping the ribbed shift gears, and his lunch bag on the bookrack. That's what I call a moral victory.

- Alex Wun

NEW!

OralT

Brush-Ins

ORGASMIC MINT BURST

TEXTURED FINGER CONDOMS

Rip, Slip, Fingerbang Ahhh!

+ Textured surface for maximum pleasure

+ Burst of tingly mint sensation

+ Slip-on design fits most finger sizes

Recommended by 9 out of 10 vaginas.

NEW! Now available: Women's Condom Socks: ... for that special guy who has a foot fetish!

Welcome to the F! HUNTING PARK

Deep in the heart of Toronto, the St. George campus stirs with life. The great September migration is complete, and the f!rosh herds are settling in for the winter. At long last, it's open season once again!

As a U of T student, you have received a complimentary Season's Pass* to the F! Hunting Park, and can gain admission simply by showing your student card. (Note: All non-U of T visitors must purchase a one-day-F!-pass, and are limited to capturing a maximum of 17 F!rosh per day.)

To help you bag the big one, the Toike has prepared this f!rosh hunting guide to help you identify some of the species you may encounter when you are out on the range.

*Disclaimer: We are NOT responsible for any pain/loss of limbs that may be the direct or indirect result of F! hunting.

F!rosh SPECIES

If you've ever gone fishing, you'll probably know that not all fish are alike. Some are really tasty, some are really ugly and some seem to have beaten the overwhelming odds of survival against their pathetic species. This is also the case for f!rosh. Some f!rosh are hard to catch, but are much more rewarding once you are their master. Others are pretty much useless.

To make separating the prime f!rosh from the bottom of the barrel f!rosh easier, we present to you the (relatively complete) Official F! Hunting Park Species Guide:



Commerce (*Donaldtrumpus Wannabeus*): AKA "commies", this breed is cold, calculating, and career-oriented. If you can't find any in accounting classes or loitering around banks, check Bay Street. There should be plenty sleeping along the sidewalk, waiting for the economy to turn around.



Engineers (*Nerdus Maximus*): Easy to spot early in the season due to their purple hue. It takes a few weeks for it to wear off, at which point they tend to stay indoors, so bag 'em while you can still see 'em! Note that their hard hats offer excellent head protection, so aim low.

WARNING: Mineral Engineers are an endangered species and therefore protected by law. All LME f!rosh must be released.



The Toike Oike Proudly

THE F! HU



Fine Arts (*Sketchicus nakidus*): A highly style-conscious breed, the art student makes a very attractive addition to the mantelpiece. They are easiest to catch while in their natural habitat: deeply concentrating on folds of fat and shadows on their latest nude sketch. If that doesn't work, triple-mocha frappaccinos make excellent bait so go get your buy-10-get-1-free card ready.



Music (*Poverti Sonica*): One of the easiest breeds to catch because you can hear them from a mile away (this can be either a very good thing or a very bad thing). However, we recommend that you look elsewhere for your prize. Music f!rosh are going to have a tough time surviving out in the wild after they graduate, so show some compassion and let nature (and Canadian Idol) thin them out without them having to worry about being hunted.

Presents the Grand Opening of HUNTING PARK

Athletic firosh can be found working out at Hart House. The rest of the phys ed firosh will be at AC. Run!

The doctor-wannabes will be standing around here, gawking at the real medicine students. Losers.

FIROSH HUNTING LETTER OF THE MONTH:

"Dear Toike, I am an average firosh hunter (Ok, I lied, I fucking rock!). After years of tireless firosh hunting, I'd like to offer some advice for rookie firosh hunters. It never hurts to be prepared. Bring coupons; you can lure firosh with discounts and since coupons are printed on high-quality paper, you can slap a mean paper cut on them if you slice at the right angle! And bring fishnet stockings. Male hunters can use them as a face mask, and females can dress all skanky and shit. Lastly, sunscreen will protect you from UV rays, but more importantly, firosh tell me that it stings like a bitch when you throw it in their eyes. Ha ha! Yea! Uh, ok. That's all... bye.

From: John "firosh are my bitch" Smith

FIROSH Density Zones

Use this handy colour-coded density guide to plan out your strategy to "catch-em-all!" Pinpoint exact locations where hordes of firosh are bound to be lurking and round 'em up like the cattle they are! (Note: High Density Zones may contain hazardous levels of innocence and naiveté. Beware and wear a gas mask.)

- Shitloads of firosh! firosh, firosh, Everywhere! Bag 'em!
- Firosh run rampant like uncivilized beasts. Stampede!
- Many firosh, wandering around aimlessly, wasting oxygen.
- Moderate number of firosh, milling about, confused.
- Small populations of firosh, sticking together for safety.
- Scarcely any firosh. Most have migrated. Damn it!

The FIROSH TAG

In order for the game to function properly, all participating firosh must wear the Firosh Tag (see below). Once "caught" (and properly subdued), a firosh must surrender their Firosh Tag to their new master. In the case of paralysis or other injury causing loss of mobility during the chase, pin your Firosh Tag in a visible place on your chest so that your master may take your tag if you are unable to give it to them.



cut along dotted line.



Phys Ed (*Musculo illiterati*):

Tough to catch, fun to play with. This breed has legs and

knows how to use them! Every firosh hunter has a story about the jock that got away. The most effective trapping method involves chasing your prey to the AC running track. There, like a hamster in a running wheel, they will be trapped in an endless circuit to nowhere. Assuming a limited supply of Gatorade, they will eventually tire. Then you can club them.



Political Science

(*Bureaucratus Confoundus*):
A tricky creature, the

PolySci will often try to negotiate its way out of danger. Do not let them confuse you as they babble on about cease-fire agreements, foreign policies and constitutional amendments. If you start nodding and your eyes glaze over, you've fallen into their trap! Just put them out of their misery before someone else does.



Pre-Med (*Stethoscopus Bedpanus*):

A very hardy species; the more skilful ones can mend their own wounds! Luckily, the Pre-Med is often heavily sleep-deprived. Pitch your tent near the Tim Horton's in the Medical Sciences building and let them to come to you. Most of them will not become doctors because they'll eventually fail and become traumatized, so get 'em while they're still sane!

Savage Love It's Just Rain You Pansies!

Question: I've been hearing about the mole G-spot, and I'm curious to try it. I want to get my girlfriend to do me in the ass with a strap-on, but I'm afraid it might weird her out. How should I propose this idea without making her think I'm gay or something? Does it even really exist?

- Ants In My Pants

Answer: Quick, we must get Kar and Ngat together. Hor tells us there is a tooth-monster walking in the trees close by. It threatens the place where we eat and sleep. It could come and kill us when we sleep. When we kill the tooth-monster we will have enough food to last to after the white face in the sky goes away and then comes back and then goes away again and then comes back and then goes away again. Tonight we will eat lots of tooth-monster, and then we will go to sleep, because we will have so much meat inside of us that we will get tired and we will not want to get up. We will wear tooth-monster skin too. My forehead spike-monster skin is falling apart, and the cold life is coming. Your hairy big nose big claw monster skin is falling apart too. We could all use the tooth-monster meat and skin to make our lives good. I will get the sharp tree pieces, you get the big rock. Kar and Ngat are at the water place. Go get them and meet me and Hor at the trees, where the loud fiery tree from the sky broke down the big tree. Go! Now!



On more than one occasion this summer, I was invited to attend a picnic in a nearby park with a few of my friends. You wouldn't expect people my age to have picnics very often, but it had been a while since some of us had seen each other and it was a great way to spend time outdoors.

Eagerly awaiting the event, I prepared my favourite picnic delight: potato salad. The secret is fresh chives, but that's not important. I spent all night preparing the potato salad and freshly-squeezing the lemonade, and what happens? It rains. Now I've got nothing against rain. It's refreshing, it waters the grass, and it gives me an excuse to not mow the lawn. But I was looking forward to the picnic and was disappointed to receive a call about it being cancelled.

So my friends rescheduled the picnic for the next week. I made a new batch of potato salad and prepared for a good time outdoors. It rained again, and again I was informed that the picnic was postponed for another week. Determined to "picnic it down" at the park and flaunt my potato salad skills, I prepared myself a third time for the picnic.

The day of the picnic was a bright and cheerful one. My friends and I assembled in the park, spread out blan-

kets to sit on, and began lunch. I had just opened my cooler when a crack of thunder boomed overhead. Clouds appeared out of nowhere and in seconds it was pouring. Drenched, my friends picked up and began to leave the park.

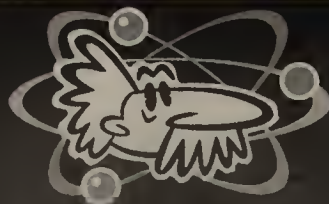
"What are you doing?" I cried after them. "We're having a picnic!"

"We can't have a picnic in the rain," one of them called back.

"Sure you can! It's just rain!" But they wouldn't hear it. They continued packing up their soaked blankets and mushy bread. "It's only fucking rain! RAIN!! It can't hurt you!!" They eyed me suspiciously and left. I called after them. "FINE! I'LL HAVE MY OWN PICNIC! ALONE! ALL THE MORE POTATO SALAD FOR ME!"

Rejected, I sat alone in the middle of the park, soaking wet, with only my potato salad and lemonade to console myself with. What did my friends know? You could still have a picnic in the rain. You just had to look past the potential for pneumonia and the soggy sandwiches and think sunshine and blue skies and eat some fucking potato salad! YOU HYDROPHOBIC BASTARDS! IT'S ONLY RAIN!

- Sean Hockin



ein•stein
where great minds
drink alike!

Weekly Events:

**Man vs. Martini
Mandays**

Taanle Taasedays

**All-U-Can-Eat Pasta
and Open Mike
Wednesdays**

Thirsty Thursdays

ApraSuds Fridays

**Special Events
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and a Steamy
Heap O' Comedy
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**229 College Street
416/59•STEIN
www.eln-steln.ca**

Even Though It's Almost Fall, Spring Is In The Air

Dear Mommy,

I am writing to you because I need your help quite desperately. Since arriving at U of T, I have found myself an outcast among my peers. Here's what I will require from you, so that I too, can be Bohemian.

1) I need you to send me a new wardrobe. That means boy-style racer-back tank tops in neutral colors and a black bra to wear underneath so it shows through with the straps sticking out from the sides. I'll need boot cut jeans that look like I've had them for years and are appropriately weathered, as if I just can't be bothered to buy new ones. I've done some research, and they have some great ones at Aritzia that will do just fine. They're only \$200 Mommy and they're totally cute. Either way Mommy, they better flatter my ass, because you know how I feel about my ass.

2) I'm going to need you to call that friend of yours who can get me into Chez Salon in Yorkville, because I'm going to need a jagged haircut that looks like I did it myself. It's a must if I'm going to hang out at Future's.

3) Oh, yeah, I guess this is a good segue to tell you one of the most important things: I need an apartment in the Annex. But a nice one, okay? It needs to be above a store so that people think it's a dump, but it better have air conditioning Mommy. I'll need it decorated by Pierre, (you know, at the firm who did Aunt Lulu's house on the Riviera?), but I want it to look eclectic, like I did it myself.

4) Now this is going to take a bit of effort on my part, because I'm going to need to lose some weight so that I look slender and waif-like. However, I really don't have time to just lose it gradually by eating only cans of fruit and instant noodles for a semester. But Mommy, you know I can't be seen at the gym with all the jocks, so I'll need you to get me a personal trainer, and have those low-carb meals delivered to me everyday like Oprah.

5) As far as accessories go, I'll need a slouchy messenger bag, but it better be leather, because you know how I can't stand imitation. And I definitely need big colourful hoop earrings that look like they are vintage 1980's. But Mommy, you know how sensitive my ears are, so they must be new!

Love You Mommy

THIS ONE'S FOR THE GUYS - We've all been there: Steaming hot day, sunglasses on, chick-watching. Then as if to say, enough's enough, Mother Nature sends a blast of wind across your leg and it begins... with an involuntary twitch.

This is the story of Larry Ash, a U of T student and self-proclaimed breast inspector. Leaving his apartment that morning, he donned his official inspection sunglasses as he did every other day. Stepping on to a busy TTC bus, Ash was fortunate enough to obtain a seat amongst all the commuters. "It was the best seat in the house! A gold mine! Hotties were everywhere. All I could think was... BOOOOOBIES!!", Ash explains. That's when his luck ran out.

Staring at an unsuspecting interest, he began to notice pressure building up in his pelvic region. At first he ignored it, but soon enough, Ash was quite aware of what was going on: "Yo, I got a boner!!" he exclaimed, "And that's when I realized, I got nothing to cover this up. Here I am, t-shirt and jeans and no means of covering that shit up." Scrambling with discomfort, he made a rookie mistake. In a state of panic, his eyes darted about, finally meeting those of an elderly woman who seemed unable to keep her balance on the moving bus. Laden with two shopping bags, the woman motioned to Larry to give up his seat.

To the surprise of everyone, he shook his head frantically. "I couldn't believe what I saw," said a disgruntled onlooker. "This guy wouldn't get up for this poor old woman. He just sat there with his arms in his lap. Then he had the nerve to ask this woman to take someone

else's seat." Myrtle Diamond, 82, just got on the bus after a tiring morning of shopping for digestive cookies and Depends, and all she wanted was a seat. "That boy was very rude. Other seats were being offered to me, but I was determined to get that seat of his. Rude boys should have to stand," Myrtle added. Ash refused to move from his seat, claiming to the buzzing crowd that he was tired from a late night of partying.

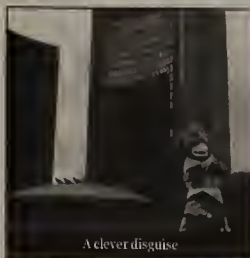
A bystander, Mick Asham, commented: "You know, it's understandable that you're tired and you don't want to stand, but this guy just did not care. [Myrtle] stumbled and actually fell right in front of him and you'd think he'd move to help her up? Nope, he just sat there, hands in his lap, pretending to close his eyes." Seeing the woman lying helpless on the floor, Ash remained in his seat pretending not to notice the unfortunate incident and the vulgarities that were tossed in his direction. "I couldn't. I just couldn't get up to help her. It was embarrassing enough as it was. I didn't need more reason to be embarrassed. But you know what? It's not my damn fault those chicks were so hot. Shit, the warm breeze from the window didn't help much either. I had the odds stacked against me for sure," he stated in his defense. Myrtle Diamond was taken to the nearby hospital and treated for a fractured ulna.

As for Larry Ash, he remained in his seat for more than ten minutes after the bus cleared at Kennedy station. So remember the moral of this story kids... ALWAYS bring a jacket with you.

- Anthony Apostoli

THE BIRD CONSPIRACY

The events described below are true, and have not been embellished.



A clever disguise

You've heard about it on TV and in the news. The media refers to it every so often but no one can tell you what it is. So what is the Bird Conspiracy? Finally someone has stepped forward to explain what the government has been hiding all along... You will now read the truth, only in the Toike.

Walking through city hall to get a hot dog, Jake Griswold was attacked by a flock of pigeons. "It all happened so fast," he recounts. "I remember putting relish on every other inch of the sausage and then ketchup on the rest, cause that's the way I like it. Then I felt beaks poking me from all over and I blacked out." Griswold is one of the many that walk by city hall every day only to be attacked by pigeons, seagulls and other winged creatures.

Artie Mitchell recalls a similar story. "I was trying to get a building permit when two seagulls flew onto a bench and stared straight at me. I didn't think much of it so I kept walking. Big mistake. One of the seagulls grabbed my files while the other slapped me with his wings until I started crying. I had to be lured out of the fountain by the mayor."

What does it all mean? What do the birds have against us? And why do they only attack at city hall? Why not Parliament? Or Queen's Park? Do the birds think they're too good to attack us there?

Maybe.

Being known for my undercover investigative techniques, I decided to disguise myself as one of the birds and find out what's really going on. Sporting feathers and a beak, I sat on Winston Churchill's shoulder and waited to be approached (not the real guy, the statue). A pigeon flew up and stood beside me, he cooed twice, I cooed twice. He raised his left wing over his head, and I followed. He looked around for a second before nodding and flying off, and then I ran after him.

He took me to what looked like their lair. It was a huge nest made of twigs and pop bottles. On the wall was a drawing of a large bird poking at a man with a stick. Beside the picture was a large pile of money and a picture of David Miller giving the thumbs up. It all came together. They are planning on building a large bird out of hot dogs and paper! And where is the only place that's abundant in hot dogs and paper? City Hall. Those bastards. It looks as though the mayor was funding their plan as a means to control the bird and people population in Toronto.

I decided not to let them get away with this. I took out my camera and started snapping pictures like crazy. Birds came at me all at once. When I woke up I was in the fountain. I went to get my pictures developed but the only one that turned out was that of a man poking a bird with a stick.

- Mei Ling Chen

WHICH LECTURE PERSONALITY ARE YOU?

1. Your first class, LEC101, begins at 11 am. At 10:45 am you are:

- ☐ a) Front row center, directly in the path of the professor's wisdom-spray. Any later, and 200 education-stealing heathens would have been fighting tooth-and-nail for this prime seat in the high-impact learning zone.
- ☐ b) Strolling happily, hand and hand with your lovebug, towards your class. Taking time to notice how the sunshine strikes his/her hair just so, and basking in the joy of being able to share something as special as education with your one and only.
- ☐ c) Hitting the snooze button.
- ☐ d) Lying in the balcony of the lecture hall, draining the last of your brown-bagged Listerine, to warm your stomach, fresen your breath, and give you a nice chemical buzz to start the day.

2. At the start of class, 11 am, you are:

- ☐ a) Finishing organizing your bilights into rainbow order and your three different types of pens into designated "Prof's Comments," "Lecture Notes," and "Fascinating Insight" piles, sitting up straight, looking at the professor, and trying to set a good example for the punkass slackers just arriving.
- ☐ b) Settling as comfortably as possible into chairs, though you can't help the horrible feeling of alienation from your sweatcheeks being caused by the officious presence of this arm rest.
- ☐ c) Hitting the snooze button.
- ☐ d) Groggily, but suspiciously, eyeing the people filing past you from your vantage point in the corner on the floor.

3. Alright, it's 11:15. You find yourself:

- ☐ a) On top of the lecture, analysing line graphs along with your professor. You can't believe you're the only one who thought to bring your textbook to class! Honestly: the weight of knowledge is a burden worth bearing.
- ☐ b) Compensating for the intrusiveness of the armrest by crossing ankles with your babycakes and taking notes in the same book. Oh, stop stealing my pen! No you stop! Hehehehe!!!
- ☐ c) Hitting the snooze button.
- ☐ d) Staring into space, wondering what happened to your cardboard box.

4. It's 11:30. Class is half over, and you are:

- ☐ a) On your ninth page of organized, color-and-content coded notes, fully indexed with 3m post-its.
- ☐ b) Whispering sweet nothings in your little Muffin's ear while lightly caressing bis/her hair.
- ☐ c) Hitting your roommate, who has had it up to HERE with your g-damn alarm, you fucking asshole.
- ☐ d) Building yourself a special rain hat out of gum wrappers you've been collecting. Mmmm... smells like Trident!

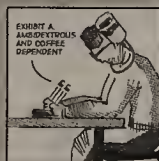
5. 11:45. Fifteen minutes to go. What's up, fool?

- ☐ a) Quickly flipping back through your notes, circling, organizing, and cross-indexing questions to ask the professor that you'd written in the margins, and warming up your hand-raising arm.
- ☐ b) Sitting with both arms around your schnookie-wookie, kissing him/her softly on the ear, and ignoring the puking noises coming from the kids in the row behind you.
- ☐ c) Sluggishly and belligerently beaded to class, wearing your pajamas, flip flops, and one sock, and cursing your roommate for being such a nosy little bitch. Considering ways to build a wall down the center of the room.
- ☐ d) Consuming your Trident rain bat.

6. 12 pm. Class over! Congratulations, Comrade. We find you:

- ☐ a) On stage, congratulating the professor on an excellent lecture, making sure that you have the right time for this week's office hours, and foaming at the mouth from the adrenaline rush you get from this biweekly injection of scholarship.
- ☐ b) In the same chair as your snuggle pookie baby bear, engrossed in a hard-core lip-lock, ignoring the pleas of your classmates to "Get a room" and "Stop you horny bastards, you're in g-damn class."
- ☐ c) Arriving just in time to write down the homework, that is, if you have a pen... hmmm... Ah! One on the floor! There's our studious little soldier.
- ☐ d) Passed out on a pile of used tissues, being trampled by students as they leave.

Which Lecture Personality are you? If you scored



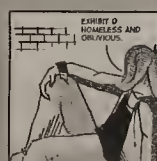
Mostly A's: You are an Overorganized, Overattentive, Overexcited, Staples-obsessed Poindexter. Success is your life's destination, class is the highway, and effort is the small, eco-efficient, cost-effective automobile that gets you there. Congratulations, you have no life. Lose the sticky notes dude, and join us back on planet Earth, why don'tcha.



Mostly B's: You are part of a Couple that Acts Really Gross in Class, which means you are half of one of the most despised lecture personalities. Those armrests are there for a reason, pal. For God's sake, just stop touching each other for an hour. Separate, or, as a thoroughly disgusted student body, we will be forced to staple you into straightjackets with muzzles to end the PDA madness.



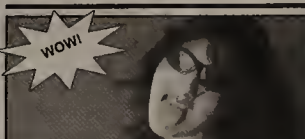
Mostly C's: You are a Sleepy Bastard. It doesn't really matter when you went to bed. And your class could be at 3 pm. Either way, you're completely exhausted, and in your entire university career you will never witness more than two minutes of actual class time, you lazy bum. Yeesh.



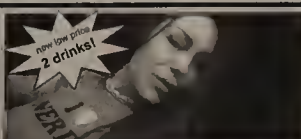
Mostly D's: Homeless! Our suggestion is twofold: If you are conscious enough to read the Toike, we suggest either you enroll in university, or, find your way out of class and into Queen's park, among your brethren, where they - and only they - will truly understand you. And here's a bonus hint: Toikes are weather-sealed for all of your foul-weather outfitting needs.

Extra! Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Check out the deals! Ask for Tony or Pete

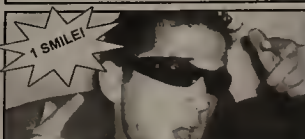
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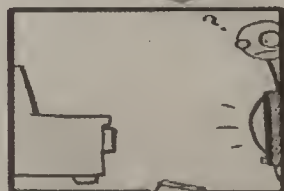
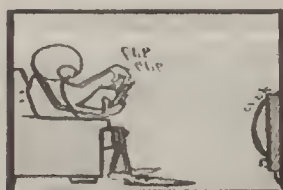
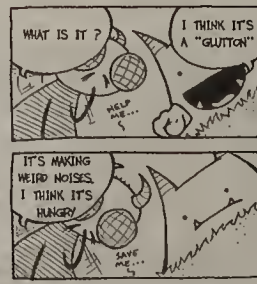
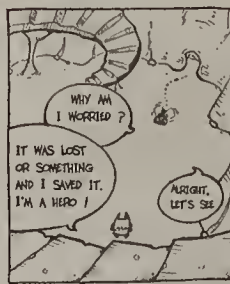
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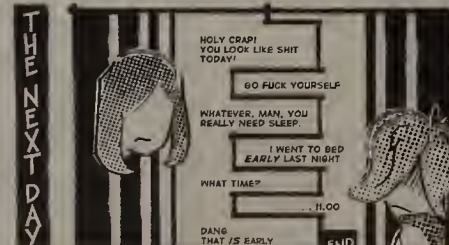
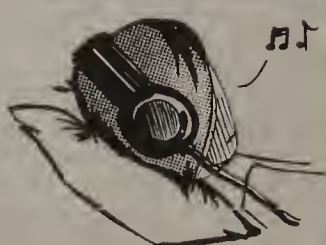
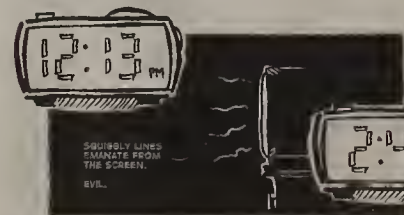
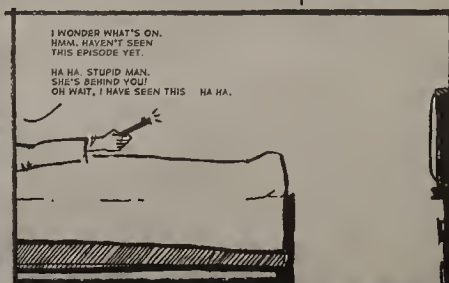
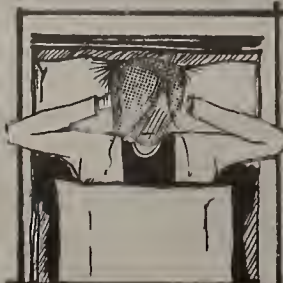
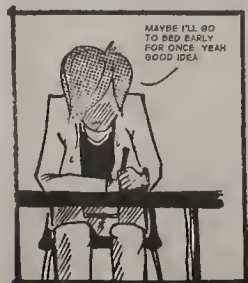
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Survey Finds Jean-Claude Van Damme Still Cool



In a survey recently conducted by Macleans Magazine, it was discovered that actor Jean-Claude Van Damme is in fact still cool.

One might ask how this is possible, since it has been fourteen years since Van Damme—an early nineties action heartthrob—starred in a hit movie (specifically, *Universal Soldier* in 1992). You cannot count the crappy one he did with Dennis Rodman because it was just creepy. And that one where he finds his long lost twin is even creepier.

Professor Dennis Mitchell, from the U of T Psychology department, claims Van Damme has managed to implant himself in the public's subconscious via his method acting and kung-fu action. Apparently playing the same character over and over again and saying catchy, albeit retarded one-liners is a sure fire way to brainwash legions of action movie fans.

Mitchell cites Arnold Schwarzenegger as the creator of what he calls 'action-mania'. So whenever someone sees a karate kick or hears a heavily accented scream like "Ahggggggg!" one is immediately reminded of how cool Van Damme and Schwarzenegger are. Mitchell claims this is how Schwarzenegger won the California recall election; all his speeches were a one-word scream but the human psyche interpreted it as an eloquent, insightful, and actually coherent discourse.

Macleans' shocking discovery has broad ramifications. A religious zealot selling Jesus Blood™ in front of the Eaton Centre was quoted saying "Van Damme is the anti-christ and the baw-binger of the destruction of humanity!" to which a local hobo (claiming to be Satan's son-in-law) replied "He's Van Damme good!"

Even American President George W. Bush weighed in with his opinion. "On the record, Van Damme does not pose a threat to Amurrica (sic). Off the record? I'd like to gnaw that cheese-eating wussy's face off. Hey! Daddy said you can't print this."

The French government denied the very existence of Van Damme saying that if such a man existed he couldn't possibly be "le cool" as Macleans claims. Arnold Schwarzenegger however refuted the French comments saying "Ahgggggggg! Gurrghhh!". Cooler words have never been spoken.

Commenting on his inherent coolness, Van Damme said "And I'm le sexy too. Don't you forget that or I'll rip out your manhood you swine!"

When asked what he would do with his psychological grip on all of humanity Van Damme said "I will scour the planet for Legolas porn. Now who's with me?!"

-Nick Loberto

CLASSIFIEDS

MERCH WANTED

ALCOHOL and cigarettes needed to boost my self-esteem. 555-2308.

MAN-FLESH to feed my armies of Dcs. Fat, slow sellers preferable. Send word to Ugluk, of the plains of Nurn, beyond the Mountains of Shadow.

CALCULUS TEXT needed to hollow out for a crack stash. Megan, 555-6333

A WHOLE new world. A new, fantastic, point of view. No one to tell us no, or where to go, or say we're only dreaming. Call Aladdin, 555-3814.

STURDY cane needed. Must not snap while in my ass. Call Shan, 555-2938.

PRESIDENT, University of Toronto. Must be photogenic and exploitable by the Toike. Cool resume necessary, spy/badass mofo experience a plus. Call Dave and his band of miscreants, 555-8407

SDMEONE who can do it. I'll put my back into it if you put your ass into it. Call Ice Cube, 555-2384.

PIANO MAN to sing us a song, sing us a song tonight. We're all in the mood for a melody. Come make us feel alright. Call John, 555-7313.

EDIBLE PANTIES needed to complement my edible human fetish. Slurp! Call Han the Can-man, 555-0232.

AWKWARD, skinny boy with dark past looking to be shown a secret magical world. Nimble, good with a stick. Must be accepting of facial disfigurements. Call Harry, 555-9916.

PENIS PUMP needed to maintain the erections I get when watching Spongebob. Call George, 555-2308.

SCREAMING fans to boost newspaper staff's egos. Signs, teeshirts, painted bodies a must. Will sign autographs for an extra fee. Engcom for details, and ask for Dave.

LUMBERJACK looking for someone else who sleeps all night and works all day. Hopes to share love of pressing wild flowers with someone else who's 'okay'. Suspenders and a bra a plus. Call Butch, 555-0672.

MERCH FOR SALE

TRUCKER HAT. Complement your high-class outfit with a low-class accessory. Nacbo 555-0099.

SEX FOR LIFE at the Don Mills Correctional Facility. Shower time is play time. Call Sweetness, 555-2683.

FRENCH PDDDDLE, goes by the name of Princess. Likes baving his scrotum massaged while watching Lassie. Call Stefano, 555-0099.

LUCKY CHARMS flavored condoms. They're magically delicious. Pooyan, 555-2080.

TELESCDPIC infrared nightvision camera. Good for stalking those hard to get girls who seem to not want you around. Call Cooper, 555-5488.

ELIJAH Wood blow-up doll. Get freaky with Frodo. Call my preeciiiooussss at 555-2934.

KID'S CLDTHING. Make sure your children look nice when they respitting on the neighborhood hobos! 555-2494.

ENGSCI TSHIRTS! Come out of the closet with panache! Get an Engsci shirt! They're fierce! Call Deano, 555-9999.

WHITE VAN with no license plates. Good for bringing kids to soccer and selling electronics. Larry, 555-3095.

MICHAEL JACKSDN handheld video game. The safest way for your children to play with Michael's joystick. 555-1337.

INVISIBLE gumini bears... OK, they're just the white ones but they think they're invisible but they're SD NDT nan! Jordan, 555-0340.

PDTION. Restores 50 HP. 555-2121.

INTERESTED in preparing for your DDDM? Call Prof. Tor Coolguy, 555-8855.

ASSLESS CHAPS. Relive your favourite Freddy Mercury memories. 555-3984

HULA HDDP for large circular plastic ring fetish. D the sweet carress of a hula hoop between my ass cheeks. Paul, 555-4309.

HELP WANTED

JEDI KNIGHT needed to give handjob at massage parlour. Zeus, 555-0999.

HDT FEMALE secretary needed to respond to my sexual innuendos. Must have exp. in not pressing charges. Dr. Jerry, 555-9898.

NEED MONEY? Got sperm? Then pop by the donor clinic! Dr. Wallows, 555-9009.

CHICKEN 8ALLS. Made of cat. Must be fresh. Call Jonny at 555-4444.

SLAVE LABDUR to cut my toenails. Call Bud at 555-2753.

FAX 8ITCH needed to send out copious promotional media kits. Please call 555-3209 and ask for Ingrid.

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